

Evening Public Ledger
THE EVENING TELEGRAPH
PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY

CYRUS H. R. CURTIS, President
 Charles H. Lindbergh, Vice President
 John C. Martin, Secretary and Treasurer
 Philip R. Collins, John B. Williams, John J. Spurgeon, Directors

EDITORIAL BOARD:
 Cyrus H. R. Curtis, Chairman
 DAVID H. SMITH, Editor
 JOHN C. MARTIN, General Business Manager

Published daily at Public Ledger Building, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa., except on Sundays and public holidays.

Subscription Terms: The Evening Public Ledger is served to subscribers in Philadelphia and surrounding towns at the rate of twelve (12) cents per copy, payable in advance. For other cities outside of Philadelphia, in the United States, Canada, or United States possessions, postage free, fifty (50) cents per month, six (60) dollars per year, payable in advance. To all foreign countries one (1) dollar per month. News—Subscribers wishing advance changed must give old as well as new address.

BELL, 3000 WALNUT KEYSTONE, MAIN 2009

Address all communications to Evening Public Ledger, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

Member of the Associated Press
 THE ASSOCIATED PRESS is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or otherwise credited in this paper, and also the local news published therein. All rights of republication of special dispatches herein are also reserved.

Philadelphia, Tuesday, July 29, 1919

rest of the world our debtors. They must pay their debts in goods or go bankrupt. A considerable portion of this foreign trade belongs by right to this city. But right does not count in such matters any more than it does in the competition between individuals. The man who sees the opportunity and goes after trade is the man who gets it, even though another man had been in the business years before he started. The man with his eyes open may start an enterprise next door to an old-established firm and in a few years be doing so much business that the older firm, content with its little turnover, loses even what business it had.

Content is the most damnable depressant in business. The balance sheet that does not grow with the growth of the population of the country is a mark of stagnation. And a growth with the growth of the population is only normal. The alert and enterprising man is not satisfied until he gets all the business which it is possible for a man in his line to get, and the limit of energy and foresight is the only limit that can be put upon possibility.

So long as Philadelphia business men order their goods from abroad shipped to any other port than Philadelphia and so long as they send their goods abroad through any other port than the foreign trade of Philadelphia will languish. If we do not have faith in the possibilities of our port who else can have?

Ports in other parts of the world have grown great because the business in these have invested their money in shipping lines to use their ports, and because they have made a concerted effort to outdo other business men in the port to use the local shore and to attract to the port the trade of all the territory naturally tributary to it.

The opportunity comes as it comes and goes as it goes for any other port in the world. We know it so well that when we are reminded of it we turn away with a weary sigh and say that it is an old story. But when we are going to take this old story and tell it with such enthusiasm that we shall be as interested in it as if we had heard it for the first time and say to ourselves that we must delay no longer to be up and doing?

WHAT THE CITY NEEDS IS LESS SELF-SATISFACTION

Then We'll Not Only Build 1000-Foot Ships, but Have Cargoes for Every Vessel That Can Tie Up at Our Piers

THERE is no commodity of which there is a greater surplus than opportunity. It clatters the market places and the fields of the open country. It is so common that we do not look at it. And it frequently happens that the man searching for it cannot find it because it is like the old man's spectacles, hidden on his front seat, just within reach but for the moment out of sight. And the old man hunts high and low for what he has only to put on his hand to get.

The opportunity to become the automobile manufacturing center of the country was in full sight of every considerable industrial city, but some were in Detroit with a little better vision than the rest of us said, "Let's attract the motor-car builders to this city." And now Detroit is gaining in population and wealth more rapidly than any other city. It was not mere chance that brought this about. It was intelligent, organized foresight.

John D. Rockefeller progressed a few years ago that he had not been born fifty years later, for he saw the opportunity to develop great enterprises were never so good as they are now. He had taken a small speculative interest in the product of which there was little demand and developed it, created the demand for its products and accumulated a great fortune, and the men who did not see the opportunity which he saw have been damning him ever since.

When Henry Ford said that a motorcar could be built to sell for \$500 the men who knew it all laughed at him. But the car which Mr. Ford built is now running on every mile of highway on this continent and has made itself known throughout Europe and Asia.

UNCLE DAVE'S BIRTHDAYS

UNCLE DAVE LANE'S birthdays come around all too seldom for the good of Philadelphia. One might almost wish that the patriarch of the Organization might be eighty years old and half and hearty once every week. For on his birthdays Uncle Dave speaks his mind. He does more. He speaks the mind of the whole, hard, staid world which watches from the sidelines and feels only tolerant pity, amusement or impatience as the struggle proceeds for a better political ideal in America. To a regular of the old-fashioned order that passionate quest seems vain, futile and somehow foolish.

"Congressman Moore would make a good Mayor," said Uncle Dave as the clocks tolled his eightieth year, "because he has the requisite gastronomical ability. He has a bigger digestion than most Mayors have had."

Uncle Dave speaks from the heart. Here in a blunt sentence is suggested the ideal which it appears to one whose long experience would qualify him to write a worthy volume upon the "Care and Feeding of Mayors."

The school of politics in which Uncle Dave was a post-graduate was always content to let a Mayor shift for himself amid the cares of office, while the business of the city was conducted by others. It has never moved for the establishment of a peepin squad which might trail from banquet to banquet with the municipality's chief executive and make his life longer and more endurable. It is content to see him do battle on a single evening with Clover Club terratin, the crowdin' entrees of a women's club banquet and the wallowing joints of an Elks' convention dinner.

Mr. Moore is an expert diner out. But he has other qualifications for the office which Uncle Dave doubtless would regard as handicaps. He has a habit of thinking and intervals of courage and independence. A "regular" Mayor isn't supposed to be so afflicted. He must be able to weave verbal embroideries about any old commonplace so as to enchant all dinner givers in the ornate interlude that follows dessert. He must have a strong right arm for handshaking. When old-fashioned Mayors in other days grew desperate they retaliated upon those who overfed them with long and devastating quotations of the poetry that relates to the overeating hills of this our land. In the meantime, while the Mayor was turned out to play, Uncle Dave and his friends remained behind to run the city.

The nice thing about an eighty-year-old politician with a mandarin's mind is his frankness. Uncle Dave Lane is not the only one who believes that those who hope waste valuable time. There, for example, is Uncle Joe Cannon, who is older even than Uncle Dave Lane. Uncle Joe has no illusions about American politics. He does not believe in the sincerity of the people themselves or in their ability to get along without bosses to do their thinking for them. He will tell you all this with perfect candor. He tells the world. But it may be remarked here that it is a long time since either Uncle Joe or Uncle Dave have won an election on such grounds alone.

DISGRACING THE UNIFORM

SUNDAY'S disorder at Wildwood, N. J., draws attention to the fact that, though we are under such obligations to our soldiers and sailors that we not only glorify them for their good work, but are prone to minimize their misdoings, there are occasions when the limit is reached.

Evidence goes to show that three sailors, all under the influence of liquor, started the trouble by "picking at" a colored man. When a policeman went to arrest them they twisted her arm. Men who tried to protect her were struck by the men.

To wear a United States uniform is to be honored; a man's duty to his uniform is to be a good, square, decent citizen both in times of war and times of peace.

Some of our very finest donned the uniform while the war was on, but not all who donned the uniform were of the finest; nor could the training given the boys, good though it was, turn every sinner into a saint.

The mayor of Wildwood made no mistake in giving the men a salutary sentence—but who gave them the stuff that made them forget their duty to themselves and to their country? Assuredly the vendors should have shared in the penalty for wrongdoing.

GRAND JURIES AND FOOD

WHILE public officials elsewhere in the country are confessing themselves helpless and bewildered in the face of rising food costs, Governor Cox, of Ohio, has found a way of approach to a solution of the general problem. Grand juries will be convened in all the communities of Ohio to summon witnesses and direct a general investigation without further delay.

"The evil," says Governor Cox, "seems to be rooted in the concerted policy of cold-storage institutions, which were established to preserve food, but which now appear to be maintained to preserve prices that cannot be defended."

In his reference to a "concerted policy" the governor appears to have touched an essential factor in intolerable living costs. There is nothing to be said against and much for cold-storage warehouses in principle. But everything may be said whenever and wherever they are utilized to manipulate prices.

TRADE FOLLOWS THE AUTO

PRINCE DEJAZMATCH MADAO, head of the Abyssinian mission to President Wilson, is going to take an automobile home with him.

Abyssinia is a country of primitive agriculture and poor roads.

As the prince evidently intends to run that machine and certain other princes of the court will assuredly follow his example, there is likelihood that the Abyssinian equivalent for highway commissioners will have to get busy.

Better roads will mean better farms. Better farms will mean improved machinery and all the comforts of home.

First thing we know there'll be work for the American drummer in Abyssinia.

LUCKY WILHELM

FOR the time being the advantages of the economic and political muddle in Europe are definitely with the former kaiser of Germany. It has been a long time since any one familiar with the trend of affairs abroad supposed that Wilhelm would ever be trundled to London and tried in the theatrical fashion suggested by some of the mercenary statesmen on the Allied side. Lord Curzon's announcement that the plan has been abandoned wasn't a surprise. It is good to know that the American peace delegates wasted little time in the discussion of what they new was a futile scheme.

There is more than the lack of precedent and an organized court to prevent

rest of the world our debtors. They must pay their debts in goods or go bankrupt. A considerable portion of this foreign trade belongs by right to this city. But right does not count in such matters any more than it does in the competition between individuals. The man who sees the opportunity and goes after trade is the man who gets it, even though another man had been in the business years before he started. The man with his eyes open may start an enterprise next door to an old-established firm and in a few years be doing so much business that the older firm, content with its little turnover, loses even what business it had.

Content is the most damnable depressant in business. The balance sheet that does not grow with the growth of the population of the country is a mark of stagnation. And a growth with the growth of the population is only normal. The alert and enterprising man is not satisfied until he gets all the business which it is possible for a man in his line to get, and the limit of energy and foresight is the only limit that can be put upon possibility.

So long as Philadelphia business men order their goods from abroad shipped to any other port than Philadelphia and so long as they send their goods abroad through any other port than the foreign trade of Philadelphia will languish. If we do not have faith in the possibilities of our port who else can have?

Ports in other parts of the world have grown great because the business in these have invested their money in shipping lines to use their ports, and because they have made a concerted effort to outdo other business men in the port to use the local shore and to attract to the port the trade of all the territory naturally tributary to it.

The opportunity comes as it comes and goes as it goes for any other port in the world. We know it so well that when we are reminded of it we turn away with a weary sigh and say that it is an old story. But when we are going to take this old story and tell it with such enthusiasm that we shall be as interested in it as if we had heard it for the first time and say to ourselves that we must delay no longer to be up and doing?

WHAT THE CITY NEEDS IS LESS SELF-SATISFACTION

Then We'll Not Only Build 1000-Foot Ships, but Have Cargoes for Every Vessel That Can Tie Up at Our Piers

THERE is no commodity of which there is a greater surplus than opportunity. It clatters the market places and the fields of the open country. It is so common that we do not look at it. And it frequently happens that the man searching for it cannot find it because it is like the old man's spectacles, hidden on his front seat, just within reach but for the moment out of sight. And the old man hunts high and low for what he has only to put on his hand to get.

The opportunity to become the automobile manufacturing center of the country was in full sight of every considerable industrial city, but some were in Detroit with a little better vision than the rest of us said, "Let's attract the motor-car builders to this city." And now Detroit is gaining in population and wealth more rapidly than any other city. It was not mere chance that brought this about. It was intelligent, organized foresight.

John D. Rockefeller progressed a few years ago that he had not been born fifty years later, for he saw the opportunity to develop great enterprises were never so good as they are now. He had taken a small speculative interest in the product of which there was little demand and developed it, created the demand for its products and accumulated a great fortune, and the men who did not see the opportunity which he saw have been damning him ever since.

When Henry Ford said that a motorcar could be built to sell for \$500 the men who knew it all laughed at him. But the car which Mr. Ford built is now running on every mile of highway on this continent and has made itself known throughout Europe and Asia.

UNCLE DAVE'S BIRTHDAYS

UNCLE DAVE LANE'S birthdays come around all too seldom for the good of Philadelphia. One might almost wish that the patriarch of the Organization might be eighty years old and half and hearty once every week. For on his birthdays Uncle Dave speaks his mind. He does more. He speaks the mind of the whole, hard, staid world which watches from the sidelines and feels only tolerant pity, amusement or impatience as the struggle proceeds for a better political ideal in America. To a regular of the old-fashioned order that passionate quest seems vain, futile and somehow foolish.

"Congressman Moore would make a good Mayor," said Uncle Dave as the clocks tolled his eightieth year, "because he has the requisite gastronomical ability. He has a bigger digestion than most Mayors have had."

Uncle Dave speaks from the heart. Here in a blunt sentence is suggested the ideal which it appears to one whose long experience would qualify him to write a worthy volume upon the "Care and Feeding of Mayors."

The school of politics in which Uncle Dave was a post-graduate was always content to let a Mayor shift for himself amid the cares of office, while the business of the city was conducted by others. It has never moved for the establishment of a peepin squad which might trail from banquet to banquet with the municipality's chief executive and make his life longer and more endurable. It is content to see him do battle on a single evening with Clover Club terratin, the crowdin' entrees of a women's club banquet and the wallowing joints of an Elks' convention dinner.

Mr. Moore is an expert diner out. But he has other qualifications for the office which Uncle Dave doubtless would regard as handicaps. He has a habit of thinking and intervals of courage and independence. A "regular" Mayor isn't supposed to be so afflicted. He must be able to weave verbal embroideries about any old commonplace so as to enchant all dinner givers in the ornate interlude that follows dessert. He must have a strong right arm for handshaking. When old-fashioned Mayors in other days grew desperate they retaliated upon those who overfed them with long and devastating quotations of the poetry that relates to the overeating hills of this our land. In the meantime, while the Mayor was turned out to play, Uncle Dave and his friends remained behind to run the city.

The nice thing about an eighty-year-old politician with a mandarin's mind is his frankness. Uncle Dave Lane is not the only one who believes that those who hope waste valuable time. There, for example, is Uncle Joe Cannon, who is older even than Uncle Dave Lane. Uncle Joe has no illusions about American politics. He does not believe in the sincerity of the people themselves or in their ability to get along without bosses to do their thinking for them. He will tell you all this with perfect candor. He tells the world. But it may be remarked here that it is a long time since either Uncle Joe or Uncle Dave have won an election on such grounds alone.

DISGRACING THE UNIFORM

SUNDAY'S disorder at Wildwood, N. J., draws attention to the fact that, though we are under such obligations to our soldiers and sailors that we not only glorify them for their good work, but are prone to minimize their misdoings, there are occasions when the limit is reached.

Evidence goes to show that three sailors, all under the influence of liquor, started the trouble by "picking at" a colored man. When a policeman went to arrest them they twisted her arm. Men who tried to protect her were struck by the men.

To wear a United States uniform is to be honored; a man's duty to his uniform is to be a good, square, decent citizen both in times of war and times of peace.

Some of our very finest donned the uniform while the war was on, but not all who donned the uniform were of the finest; nor could the training given the boys, good though it was, turn every sinner into a saint.

The mayor of Wildwood made no mistake in giving the men a salutary sentence—but who gave them the stuff that made them forget their duty to themselves and to their country? Assuredly the vendors should have shared in the penalty for wrongdoing.

GRAND JURIES AND FOOD

WHILE public officials elsewhere in the country are confessing themselves helpless and bewildered in the face of rising food costs, Governor Cox, of Ohio, has found a way of approach to a solution of the general problem. Grand juries will be convened in all the communities of Ohio to summon witnesses and direct a general investigation without further delay.

"The evil," says Governor Cox, "seems to be rooted in the concerted policy of cold-storage institutions, which were established to preserve food, but which now appear to be maintained to preserve prices that cannot be defended."

In his reference to a "concerted policy" the governor appears to have touched an essential factor in intolerable living costs. There is nothing to be said against and much for cold-storage warehouses in principle. But everything may be said whenever and wherever they are utilized to manipulate prices.

TRADE FOLLOWS THE AUTO

PRINCE DEJAZMATCH MADAO, head of the Abyssinian mission to President Wilson, is going to take an automobile home with him.

Abyssinia is a country of primitive agriculture and poor roads.

As the prince evidently intends to run that machine and certain other princes of the court will assuredly follow his example, there is likelihood that the Abyssinian equivalent for highway commissioners will have to get busy.

Better roads will mean better farms. Better farms will mean improved machinery and all the comforts of home.

First thing we know there'll be work for the American drummer in Abyssinia.

LUCKY WILHELM

FOR the time being the advantages of the economic and political muddle in Europe are definitely with the former kaiser of Germany. It has been a long time since any one familiar with the trend of affairs abroad supposed that Wilhelm would ever be trundled to London and tried in the theatrical fashion suggested by some of the mercenary statesmen on the Allied side. Lord Curzon's announcement that the plan has been abandoned wasn't a surprise. It is good to know that the American peace delegates wasted little time in the discussion of what they new was a futile scheme.

There is more than the lack of precedent and an organized court to prevent

FARMERS AD INTERIM
 Gossip About Daniel J. Shern, Dr. H. R. Loux, William J. Roney and Others—How Congressman Moore Blocked a Bad Law

By GEORGE NOX MCCAIN

IN ENUMERATING last week the names of widely known Philadelphians who are farmers ad interim I overlooked several who deserve prominent places in the category. Indeed, I may say that there are hundreds of Philadelphians whose names should go on the roster. Later on they may.

One particularly, Hon. Daniel J. Shern, should be noted. Not because he is a successful attorney, but for the reason that his name is inseparably linked with a law, beneficial and noted, the Shern election law, which has figured so largely in connection with the above city charter.

Mr. Shern has a beautiful home in the Parkmont valley. It borders on the Parkmont river and is bisected by the state highway. A big American flag floats day and night from a tall flagstaff on the lawn.

From April to November the ex-legislator and former attorney he sees at one time a star in the old Vesper Boat Club's regatta of oarsmen—is a commuter morning and evening.

Judge John M. Patterson was a member of the Vesper during the same period. This, added to the fact that they were boyhood friends playing around in old Fairmount Park, accounts for the intimacy that exists between these two gentlemen.

DR. H. R. LOUX, of the faculty of Jefferson Medical College and a widely known surgeon, is another of the farmers for pleasure. He does not live "along" the Parkmont, but literally "on it."

His beautiful bungalow is partly built over the stream. If he so desires he can fish from his wide back porch. It reminds one of bits of Venice, or the shore of Lake Como.

Directly across the stream from his home is a wooded hill. For a mile above it the level stretches, a glowing expanse in the sunlight, flowing down to pour over a big dam thirty yards from the house.

Ten years or more ago Doctor Loux purchased an old grist mill. It had been standing since Revolutionary days. It projected into the stream.

He saved the old mill, leaving the mill-race walls standing. He then built on the foundation his villa with wide porches. There are driveways and a wide lawn.

For four days of last week Doctor Loux went home in a skiff. The Parkmont had made an island of his residence. The principal damage was to his extensive truck patch.

The doctor is a philosopher as well as a surgeon. He is of the opinion that the muddy waters in subsiding will improve his two acres of lawn.

DO THE people of the state recognize that one of the most profitable investments of the government is the insurance company? The state owns and operates it. Its manager is the active, energetic, able and well-known William J. Roney.

Twenty-five years ago when he was an inquisitive young lad around the tax office in City Hall, then under the charge of that sterling citizen, his father, one of the most careful precision, they called him "Little Billy Roney." No more of that now.

Through years of service in the insurance department he has risen to be manager of the state workmen's insurance board. The job requires an expert. William J. Roney answers that description.

As a Philadelphian he is leaving his Philadelphia branch office. He has five other branch offices scattered over the state. This insurance company insures employees in the industries against accident and death. It does an enormous business.

Mr. Roney informed me that his present position last year exceeded \$2,500,000. He is a young man, only about 23 years of age, and has a fine future in the community. Furthermore, that the company returns premiums, which can be regarded as profits, of from 5 to 15 per cent to its policy holders.

And the state owns it.

A GOOD story that has never seen the light of day is told about Dr. Francis D. Patterson. He is a son of C. Stuart Patterson, publisher and journalist, and a brother of George Stuart Patterson, the distinguished chief of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Incidentally, it should not be forgotten that Francis D. Patterson was an officer who served with honor in the Spanish-American War. He held the rank of major in the United States Public Health Service as field director for Pennsylvania in the world war.

The above services are mere incidents in an unusually active life for a comparatively young man.

He has held the position of chief of division of industrial hygiene and engineering in the Department of Labor at Harrisburg for the last five years. He is always up on explosives; likewise on the chemical constituents of compounds of all kinds.

His position takes him to Washington frequently and his keen eyes are constantly following the ramifications of national legislation pertaining to his varied duties.

He found, on one of his visits, that a measure had been introduced in Congress at the instance of Van H. Manning, chief of the United States Bureau of Mines, which placed the non-explosive, aluminum, handling and insertion of all explosives in Mr. Manning's hands. It even prevented state inspectors from entering such establishments.

As a rider of the sundry civil bill it was hoped to push it through.

It passed the House and had gone to the Senate, where it was amended and then returned to the House for concurrence. It was at this stage that it fell under the searching eye of Doctor—or I should say Major—Francis D. Patterson. He went for it like a fox terrier after a Maltese cat. And he landed it. Also Mr. Van H. Manning.

The House refused to concur, though previously it had passed it unanimously. It was a clever piece of work.

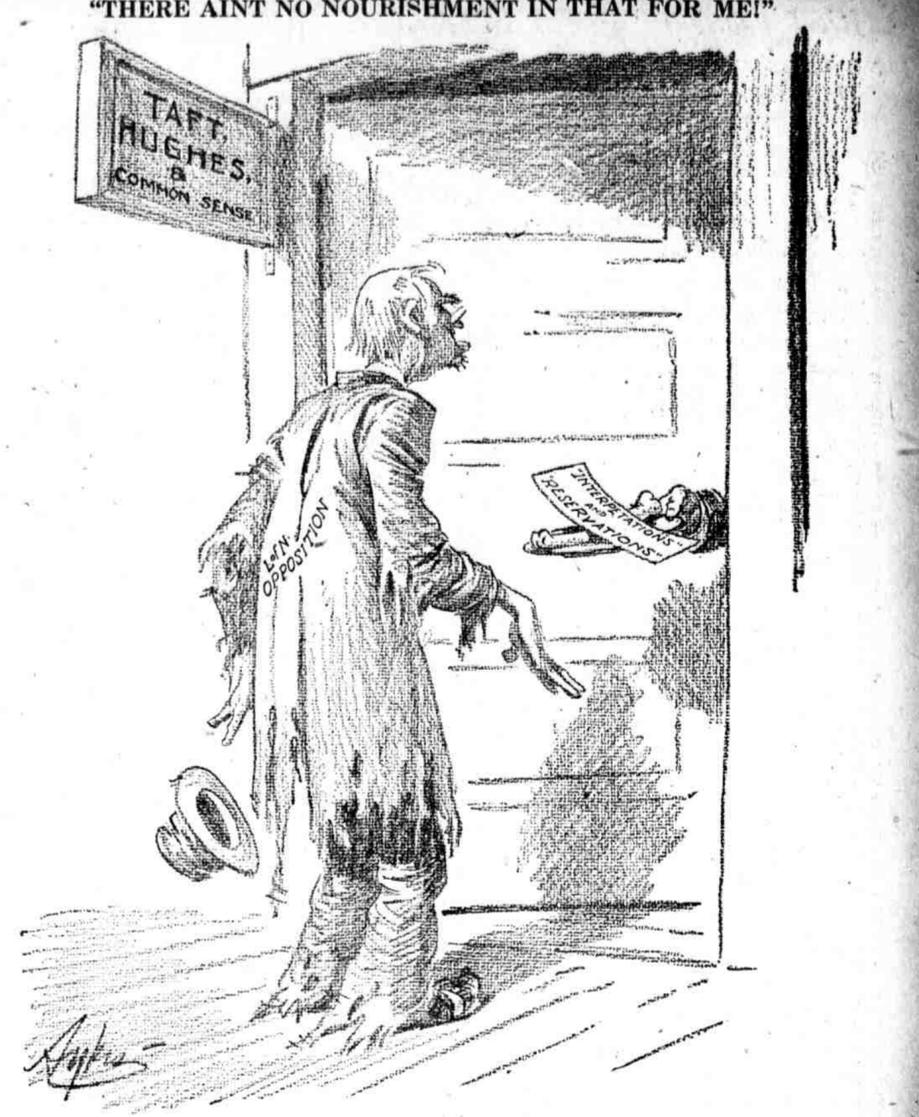
Doctor Patterson explained the situation to one of the members of Congress from Philadelphia. The latter pointed out the object as well as the menace of the scheme on the floor of the House. He fought it single-handed. He made every member see the danger that threatened his district. His zeal and his eloquence completed the work Doctor Patterson had begun.

His name? J. Hampton Moore!

With a scarcity of agricultural labor as a result of the harvest and a surplus of professional and technical men and of clerks throughout the state, the United States employment service has a chance to prove its usefulness.

Allis is thick enough in Germany just now to satisfy a Weller.

Add back news—The man who sits in an overdraft is liable to get cold feet.



THE CHAFFING DISH

Surf Fishing
 ALL day long you see them stand waist-deep in the surf, fishing. Up on the beach each one has a large basket containing clubs for bait, extra hooks and leaders, a little can of oil for the reel and any particular duds dear to the heart of the individual fisherman. And an old newspaper, all ready to protect the anticipated catch from the rays of the sun.

Some of them wear bathing suits; others rubber hip-boots, or simply old clothes that won't mind getting wet. If they are very full of swank they will have a leather belt with a socket to hold the butt of the rod. Every now and then you will see them pacing backward up the beach, reeling in the line. They will mutter something about a big strike that time, and he got away with the bait. With zealous care they spear some more clam on the hook, twisting it over and over the barb so as to be firmly impaled. Then, with a slight as old as humankind and yet never so described that one who has not seen it could picture it.

There they stand. What do they think about, one wonders? But what does any one think about when fishing? That is one of the happy pastimes that don't require much thinking. The long ridges of the breaking waves are swimming knees and the sun and keen vital air fill them into a cheerful drowse of the faculties. Do they speculate on the never-ending fascination of the leaping walls of water, the rhythmic melody of the rasp and hiss of the water? Do they watch that indescribable beauty of the breaking waves, a sight as old as humankind and yet never so described that one who has not seen it could picture it?

The wave gathers height and speed as it moves toward the sand. It seems to pull itself together for the last plunge. The first wave that ever rolled up to a beach probably second wave that broke—curled over in that curious way. For our theory—which may be entirely wrong—is that the breaking is due to the undertow of previous waves. After a wave sprawls up on the beach, it surfs swiftly back. This receding undertow, current you may feel it very strong, is about to break—just in front of a large wave about to break—digs in beneath the advancing bill of water. It cuts away the foundations of that bill, which naturally topples over at the crest.

The wave of water leans and hangs for a delaying instant. The actual cascade may begin at one end and run along the length of the ridge; it may begin at both ends and twirl inward, meeting in the middle; it may (but very rarely) begin in the middle and work outward. As one wave is at its height, before it falls over, the fisherman sees the sunlight gleaming through it—an ecstasy of perfect incandescence, with the bluntness of yellow waves that broke—curled over in that curious way. For our theory—which may be entirely wrong—is that the breaking is due to the undertow of previous waves. After a wave sprawls up on the beach, it surfs swiftly back. This receding undertow, current you may feel it very strong, is about to break—just in front of a large wave about to break—digs in beneath the advancing bill of water. It cuts away the foundations of that bill, which naturally topples over at the crest.

The wave of water leans and hangs for a delaying instant. The actual cascade may begin at one end and run along the length of the ridge; it may begin at both ends and twirl inward, meeting in the middle; it may (but very rarely) begin in the middle and work outward. As one wave is at its height, before it falls over, the fisherman sees the sunlight gleaming through it—an ecstasy of perfect incandescence, with the bluntness of yellow waves that broke—curled over in that curious way. For our theory—which may be entirely wrong—is that the breaking is due to the undertow of previous waves. After a wave sprawls up on the beach, it surfs swiftly back. This receding undertow, current you may feel it very strong, is about to break—just in front of a large wave about to break—digs in beneath the advancing bill of water. It cuts away the foundations of that bill, which naturally topples over at the crest.

PRESCIENCE

I KNOW that there is nothing dies, Like images that come and go Reflected in a glass, Or shadows blown through rippling fields Of windy meadow-grass.

The resurrection of the dawn Is just as golden still; The beauty of the evening star Sets twilight's hush athrill. Enthroned in silver at the top Of some enchanted hill.

And so I hold a dreaming sense Of wonder yet to be, A prescience of greater things Than life has brought to me— Eternal dawn and silver star— Of immortality!

—Harry Kemp in the New York World.

Uncle Dave Lane's favorite hymn must be "Moore and Moore."

Some soft drinks continue to have hard prices.

Speaking of "active minorities," Senator Borah is a pestiferous example of the power they can exercise.

President Wilson is just about ready to put all his cards on the table—but, maybe, some of them will be face down.

It was confidently declared that the sidewalks yesterday were so hot that one might have fried eggs on them; but with eggs at present prices nobody thought of making the experiment.

Who's Whom
 "The manufacturer must be punished, regardless of whom they are."—District Attorney's office.

The owl exclaimed, "To what? To who?"

Now we wonder what would be necessary to lift the spat from the level of haberdashery into that of wearing apparel.

A City Notebook
 A quarter to one a. m., and a hot, silent night. As one walks up Chestnut street a distant roaring is heard, which rapidly grows louder. The sound has a note of terrifying menace. Then, careering down the almost deserted highway, comes a huge water-tank, thrashing like an airplane. A creamy sheet of water, shot out at high pressure, floods the street on each side, dashing up on the pavements. A knot of belated revelers in front of a hotel, standing in mid-street, to discuss ways and means of getting home, slip daintily to one side, the ladies lifting up their dresses with shrill squeals of alarm as the water splashes round them. Pedestrians plodding quietly up the street cover fearfully against the buildings, while a fine mist envelops them.

After the tank comes, more leisurely, a squad of brooms. The street is dripping, every sewer opening clucks and gurgles with the falling water. There is something unbelievably humorous in the way that roaring Niagara of water dashes madly down the silent street. There is a note of irony in it, too, for the depressed enthusiasts who have been sitting all evening in a restaurant over lemonade and ginger ale. Perhaps the chauffeur is a prohibitionist gone mad.

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz
 1. Judge Septimus J. Hanna, of Pasadena, Calif., is known as the Grand Old Man of Christian Science.

2. The father of the daylight saving movement was William Willett, an Englishman, who published, in 1907, a booklet on "The Waste of Daylight."

3. "Nunances" are "shades" or delicate differences of meaning, feeling, opinion, color, etc.

4. On the outbreak of the Civil War Virginia decided to join the seceding states, a course objected to by the western part of the state, which in 1863 was admitted into the Union as West Virginia.

5. Ralph Waldo Emerson said, "Next to the originator of a good sentence is the first quoter of it."

6. King John of England (1170-1216) was known in his boyhood as Lackland.

7. Mississippi is sometimes called the Bayou State.

8. "Idaho" is an Indian name meaning "Gem of the Mountains."

9. Elias Howe completed the first sewing machine in 1845.

10. Senor Don Francisco Tudela y Varela is ambassador to the United States from Peru.

A musical friend of ours says that he is composing some jazz to be called "The Chauffer."